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The Wife who always helped... Mary Faison Dixon

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Mary Faison Dixon

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The Wife Who Always Helped
And Never Hindered

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MARY FAISON DIXON

Born at Woodlawn, North Carolina, U. S. A., December 31, 1853. Entered the Glory from Kuling, China, 11.55 a. m., Sunday, August 6, 1922

The Wife Who Always Helped and Never Hindered

A Memorial

OF

MARY FAISON DIXON

Wife of Amzi Clarence Dixon

Who Entered the Glory from Kuling, China
August 6, 1922

✠

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WITH COMPLIMENTS OF

A. C. Dixon

REV. 14: 13.

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Rev. 14:13.
And I heard a voice from
heaven saying unto me, Write,
Blessed are the dead which die
in the Lord from henceforth:
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they
may rest from their labours;
and their works do follow them.

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Shadow and Light

By A. C. DIXON

After two of the happiest months in a happy married life of more than forty years, wife and I were on the Yangtze river steamer en route to Kuling, to fill a two-weeks' lecture engagement before several missionary conferences. At midnight she was taken suddenly ill with nausea. I was not alarmed, because I thought it was an attack of biliousness to which she was subject at times, and from which she usually recovered in a few hours. When the boat reached Kiukiang, where we disembarked for Kuling, Doctor Jones kindly took her to his own house, and was so satisfied with her normal pulse and general condition that he did not even take her temperature. The day was the hottest we had felt in China, but she slept on a sofa under a punka fan, as if she were resting well after a sleepless night. I was thinking of leaving her there and going up the mountain to Kuling, that I might fill my evening engagement. But about three-thirty p. m. her fever

suddenly rose to 105°, and she became unconscious. Two Portuguese nurses came from a near-by hospital, and by skilful treatment in a few minutes reduced the fever to 103°, and so restored consciousness that she could respond to my appeal for recognition by a gentle pressure of the hand. Doctor Perkins, who was summoned by Doctor Jones, thought that it was cholera, as cholera was prevalent in Kiukiang, and the symptoms were similar to those he had been treating. Doctor Jones did not agree with this diagnosis, but both of them insisted that she should be removed at once to a hospital on the top of Kuling mountain. Within less than an hour her body was on a stretcher, carried by coolies, then on a barge up the river, then in an automobile across the plain, and again borne by coolies seven miles up the mountain. The mountain air so revived her that she talked to the nurse about the flowers by the wayside.

Next morning her temperature was normal, and we thought the worst was over, though she still seemed to be in a semicomatose condition; but, when aroused, she was quite herself. I took her a beautiful tiger-lily, and told her that it grew wild in the woods. She looked at it with a pleased expression, as she said, "I want to see them in the woods," and then seemed to fall asleep. On Thursday morning the fever had re-

THE POSTGRADUATE

In a Baltimore College

turned, but still, when aroused, she was mentally alert and we had a little prayer together. Friday morning, I brought a batch of letters from the children, and, after I had aroused her, asked if I should read them to her. She looked at them lovingly and said, " Not now," evidently meaning that she would doubtless be better soon, and we could enjoy them together. " Not now " were the last words I heard from her lips, for the nurse requested me not to arouse her any more that day, and next morning, Saturday, meningitis had developed, and she was perfectly unconscious.

Sunday morning it was evident that she was almost home; and, as eleven o'clock approached, Doctor Barrie insisted that I should go to the church and deliver my message to the eleven hundred people who were waiting. Knowing what she would wish me to do, I went and, while I was preaching, she entered the glory at eleven-fifty-five. During my sermon I had at one time such a consciousness of her presence that for a few moments my mind could rest only upon her, and I had to struggle back to the line of thought I was pursuing. Explain it as you will, there has come to me the pleasing fancy that she asked the angel who came for her spirit, to let her come by the church and give me a final farewell, before going to be with the Lord.

The Memorial Service, with the pulpit and

platform covered with wildflowers, which the kind, sympathetic missionaries had gathered from the mountainsides, and the loving words of appreciation spoken by Chairman Wilson, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Davis, and Mr. Stamps, was like a bit of heaven draped in mourning. There was, at least, one broken-hearted man who sat there in the dark gazing at the stars, and looking toward the East for the sunrise, when "They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." To him the blackest cloud that had ever come into his life was spanned by the most beautiful rainbow he had ever seen.

The day of the funeral was dark and threatening. The clouds covered the mountain and shut off every ray of the sun. But, as we stood around the grave beside the mound of flowers which loving hands had brought, the sun in the west broke out, scattered the clouds, and gave us a most glorious sunset. It looked as if the colors from the mound of flowers had been caught up and spread upon the clouds, multiplied a thousandfold, God's bouquet sent to the funeral of the one who loved Him and every beautiful thing he had made with all her heart. As we stood with our faces bathed in the light of this glory from heaven, the Chinese sang and sang again in their mother tongue "The Sweet By and By." Ting Li Mei, the Chinese evangelist, poured out his

heart in prayer; Mr. Wilson led in English to the throne of Grace; Miss Flower sang:

Or if on joyful wing
  Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
  Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
    Nearer to thee.

And we listened to the reading of these words of hope from First Thessalonians 4 : 13-18:

I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not go before them that are asleep; for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

My heart was comforted and "strangely warmed," as I thought that before leaving this mountaintop, the Lord may come with greater glory than this setting sun, and the precious body we have covered with earth and flowers may come forth in resurrection beauty, and the family re-

union we had been planning on our return to America may take place with the Lord in the air; and "so shall we be ever with the Lord" and her.

On a dark Sunday morning in City Temple, London, Dr. Joseph Parker said: "I have been in Switzerland this morning, beholding the sunrise from the top of Mount Rigi and the sunset upon the Matterhorn. Why should a man live in a London fog when he can live amid the glories of Switzerland?" He had been to Switzerland the summer before, and this was his striking way of saying that the memory of its glorious sunrises and sunsets made him forget the fog which enveloped him and his people in London.

Through all the fogs of the future I shall carry in mind and heart that Monday evening, August 7, 1922, when, as I stood in "God's Acre" on Kuling mountain, China, surrounded by loving, sympathetic friends, the sun burst through the clouds, and painted them in colors worthy of heaven, suggesting the Greater Glory that is to come.

Letter from Mrs. D. F. Stamps

MISSIONARY OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION AT CHINKIANG, CHINA, TO THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION

KULING, China, Aug. 7, 1922.

MY DEAR MISS MALLORY:

For a long time I have been planning to write you and tell you something of the work among the Chinese women in our station, Chinkiang, but I will wait till I go back to the station for that. For now, while spending my vacation in Kuling, I have something different to tell you that I think the women of the Southern Baptist churches will be deeply interested in. On yesterday morning, here in this lovely mountain resort in the heart of China, Mrs. Mary Faison Dixon, wife of Dr. A. C. Dixon, fell asleep in Jesus. The circumstances surrounding her death form such a beautiful witness for Jesus that I am writing you about it. Then, too, I am sure that Mrs. Dixon held a large place in the hearts of the members of the Woman's Missionary Union,

so that they will wish to know the details of her death.

Doctor and Mrs. Dixon landed in China the latter part of June, having come out to China for a series of conferences at several of the foreign summer resort places, under the Stuart Evangelistic Fund. From Shanghai they went first to North China for a conference at the seaside resort, Peiteiho. On last Tuesday we expected them to reach Kuling in time for Doctor Dixon to begin a series of sermons here Wednesday at the regular yearly Kuling Conference. But when they left the boat at Kiukiang (fourteen miles away, at the foot of the mountains, on the Yangtze River) word came to us that Mrs. Dixon had become suddenly ill and was unable to come on to Kuling. The trip from Kiukiang to Kuling is made overland, seven miles by automobile, and the last seven miles up the mountain in sedan-chairs carried by coolies. As Kiukiang, down in the plains, is extremely hot in the summer, an effort was made to bring Mrs. Dixon up the mountain Wednesday afternoon; she made the trip on a stretcher, being unconscious most of the way. After three days, her illness was pronounced meningitis, with serious complications. In spite of the gravity of her condition, Doctor Dixon bravely began the conference Thursday morning, and continued during the week, preach-

MOTHER AND CHILD

ing both morning and afternoon most powerful and searching sermons. Each day from four to five hundred missionaries, who gathered to hear him in the foreign church building here, lingered after the service to pray that God would lay his healing hand upon Mrs. Dixon, that she might be spared for further service for Him here. Some of the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard were those that went up to God in those meetings.

On Sunday morning her condition was more grave than ever, and we hardly hoped that Doctor Dixon would come before us. He had announced his Sunday subject beforehand on "Why I am a Christian" from an antichristian view-point, and the house was packed with foreigners and Chinese to hear God's message.

As Doctor Dixon entered the pulpit, he told us that Mrs. Dixon's greatest desire was to witness for Christ, and that, if she were conscious that morning, he knew that she would want him to deliver God's message that day, and so, by God's help, he would preach to us as he had announced. I shall never forget that sermon—a wonderful, powerful stand for Christ. In the very midst of such a trying time he was pouring his very soul into the message. At fifteen minutes past twelve he concluded with a beautiful picture of the Christian whose work was over, lifting anchor in the land-locked harbor and sailing out into the

full ocean of God's love forever. And then he turned to the venerable leader of the Conference, Doctor Wilson, to lead in prayer. As we bowed our heads, loving friends led Doctor Dixon away, and the minister began to pray for the loved ones of her who had, within the last few minutes, lifted anchor and sailed away to God. Our hearts almost stood still during that prayer, and I had a feeling that we were witnessing something that was rare and more beautiful than any experience I had ever had before. When the prayer was ended, we were told that Mrs. Dixon had passed away quietly at five minutes to twelve. Then Miss Flower, a missionary with a God-given voice of beauty, arose and sang that victorious song "Open the gates" that ends with that triumphant thrill "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I have never experienced anything like that service. Such a powerful sermon, and then, by himself more than by any word or action, Doctor Dixon's beautiful witness for Christ in that trying hour. Instead of a grief-stricken audience, I think every one left the church with an uplifted, exultant feeling, triumphant over grief and sorrow, secure in the glorious knowledge that "my Redeemer liveth." And since yesterday, we have continued to feel that way, as if we have been permitted a closer insight into God's power and have felt a wonderful, soul-stirring experience.

That afternoon there was held a memorial service for her at the church. There were three people who spoke: Mrs. Cooper, of Kuling, who had known her in England while Doctor Dixon was pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London; a lady who had been traveling with Doctor and Mrs. Dixon since they landed in China, and who had come to know her intimately in the meetings out here; and Mr. Stamps who represented the Baptists at Kuling, and who told of Mrs. Dixon's Christian work in America, especially of her work for missions and her interest in the beginnings of the Woman's Missionary Union.

The funeral service was held this afternoon, the first part in the Kuling Church. The members of the Baptist Missions here, both Northern and Southern, had charge of decorating the church. Such a wealth of exquisite wildflowers these mountains yield! In front of a background of beautiful, feathery bamboo, were banked hundreds of glorious flowers, among them the lovely Kuling lilies that grow wild on the hills here, but are like our beautiful Easter lilies at home, white and pure, on tall stalks four and five feet high with as many as five or six lilies on one stem. I think they must be the same kind of lilies as those that Jesus spoke of in the Palestine fields, more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory. Among

the flowers, too, were the pale pink lotus flowers that Mrs. Dixon had been so much attracted to.

The transepts on either side of the church were filled with Chinese Christians, and the songs that were sung were in English and Chinese. After a short message by Doctor Wilson, a Chinese minister made a most beautiful tribute, first in Chinese and then in English. Then Doctor Dixon, himself, calmly and quietly, told us something of the lovely Christian character of her "whom not having seen, we loved." We were so glad to hear of her beautiful life, and I think, also, that it was a comfort to Doctor Dixon, so far from his family and loved ones, to speak of her to us since we had not had the joy of knowing her. It was surely a lasting example to our Chinese friends of the power of God to strengthen and comfort his servants in times of sorrow.

I wish you could see the beautiful "God's Acre" here in the mountains of Kuling in the heart of China, where Mrs. Dixon's body was laid to rest on a beautiful hillside, nearly four thousand feet above sea-level, facing the west as the sun was setting in a glorious sky, behind the mountains. After Scripture reading by Doctor Wilson, Rev. Ting Li Mei made a most beautiful prayer in Chinese, and while the grave was being covered with flowers, a lady sang that one verse:

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ——

Then Doctor Dixon opened his Bible and read some verses from the fourth chapter of First Thessalonians.

As the day had been cloudy, we were afraid that there would not be a pretty sunset, but just as the service began the western sky cleared, and through a sudden little shower of rain that lasted not more than one minute, the sun burst forth as a smile through tears. From then until the dark came, the western sky was gorgeous.

I do not think Doctor and Mrs. Dixon could have brought a more beautiful message to Kuling or a greater witness for Christ than this quiet passing of a sweet and lovely woman, and the marvelous Christian strength and faith of her husband in his sorrow.

As one of the Chinese pastors said, she came to minister to the Chinese and in her death as in her life she has indeed ministered to them, and we will all, foreigners and Chinese, hold this little spot in the heart of China sacred to her memory. And now, more than ever, will her family and her friends turn their thoughts to this great land, since it marks her last resting-place.

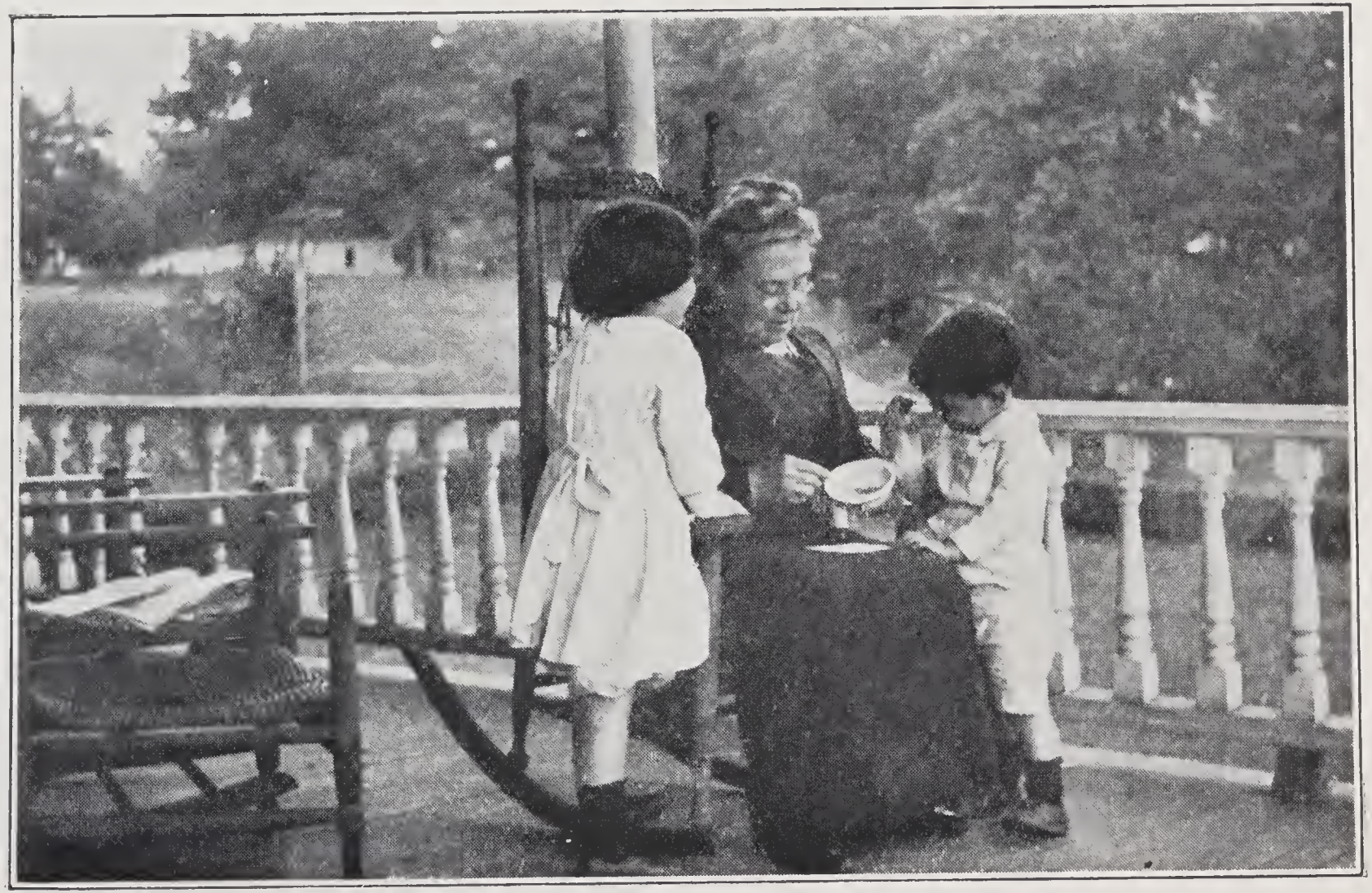
Address

By Mrs. ALICE ELISE COOPER

Of the Wesleyan Mission, Kuling

My friendship with Mrs. Dixon began in England during the war, and during that period of the war when the German air-raids over London caused all who could do so to seek shelter elsewhere. We were both needing medical care, and for months we lived together in the same house and sat side by side at table in a small sanatorium on the Surrey Hills. It was here that I grew to love and admire the gracious Christian lady who always put the comfort and well-being of others before her own. During those months of convalescence we had many walks and talks on the hillsides, and I greatly appreciated her helpful companionship, and found much blessing in the fellowship with so great and beautiful a spirit.

Mrs. Dixon was a mellowed Christian, and a wide reader on many subjects and a great lover of books. She had a well-balanced mind, a sane judgment, a broad outlook on life, and an intense



WITH THE GRANDCHILDREN

devotion to Jesus Christ her Lord. My admiration of her was sincere and I thought her wise and gracious personality was in every way fitted to be the wife of a great pastor. Her outstanding characteristics seemed to me to be humility, modesty, and self-effacement.

During her stay on the Surrey Hills Doctor Dixon came at intervals, as his strenuous wartime work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle allowed, and even then he spent much of his brief visits working at his desk. But she never complained and never urged him to stay longer with her, always recognizing the urgency of the work that called him away. Once when I sympathized with her in the Doctor's absence she said, "All my married life I have helped where I could, and where I could not I have never hindered."

At the sanatorium her influence was most helpful, and many a troubled soul poured out its difficulties into her sympathetic ear and got ease and enheartenment from her kindly and understanding counsel. I remember on one occasion after my consultation with the medical superintendent, saying to him:

"Doctor Olsen, do you realize what a blessing Mrs. Dixon is in this house?" And he replied: "Indeed I do! Many of the patients have told me of the help she has been to them."

When we knew that Mrs. Dixon was to accom-

pany her husband to China and to Kuling, we looked forward with much eager anticipation to the renewal of the old fellowship. But it was not to be, for after only three days in our mountain hospital here God gave his beloved sleep, and this afternoon we are to lay her to rest in our beautiful God's Acre, looking up to the temple in the cloud.

We are glad to have her here resting in our midst, and we send a message of love and sympathy to the daughters and the son at home and pray that God will comfort the one most sorely bereaved, the dear pastor who has brought us such messages of life these last few days.

Address

By Miss EDITH DAVIS

Coworker in Evangelism with Miss Ruth Paxson

About four weeks ago I met Mrs. Dixon for the first time at the Missionary Home in Shanghai. We had a mutual friend, and we talked together of her and of her little family of children. Then the conversation went on to mission work, methods, and problems, and I found her one who was deeply interested not only in the ways and means of work but also in the difficulties which we meet and in the fruit which God gives. She asked many questions and by them revealed the scope of her interest in our country of China and the depth of her interest in the victories of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ among these people.

It was at this time that plans were being made for Doctor and Mrs. Dixon's going to Chefoo. Through another party usurping the cabin reserved for them on the steamer it seemed for a

while that they would have to be separated and make the trip by different boats. Some one was deploring this with them, but the cheery answer came back: "We have heard of missionary hardships and we haven't met any yet; we will take our share and be glad that both of us can get there with only a little time apart."

Three weeks ago Mrs. Dixon stood with me at the grave of a little lad whose mother was our mutual friend, and her heart was poured out in understanding sympathy. A little son God had taken from her one day long ago, and she knew how to minister in love to another sorrowing mother. Her note of sympathy was one that brought comfort.

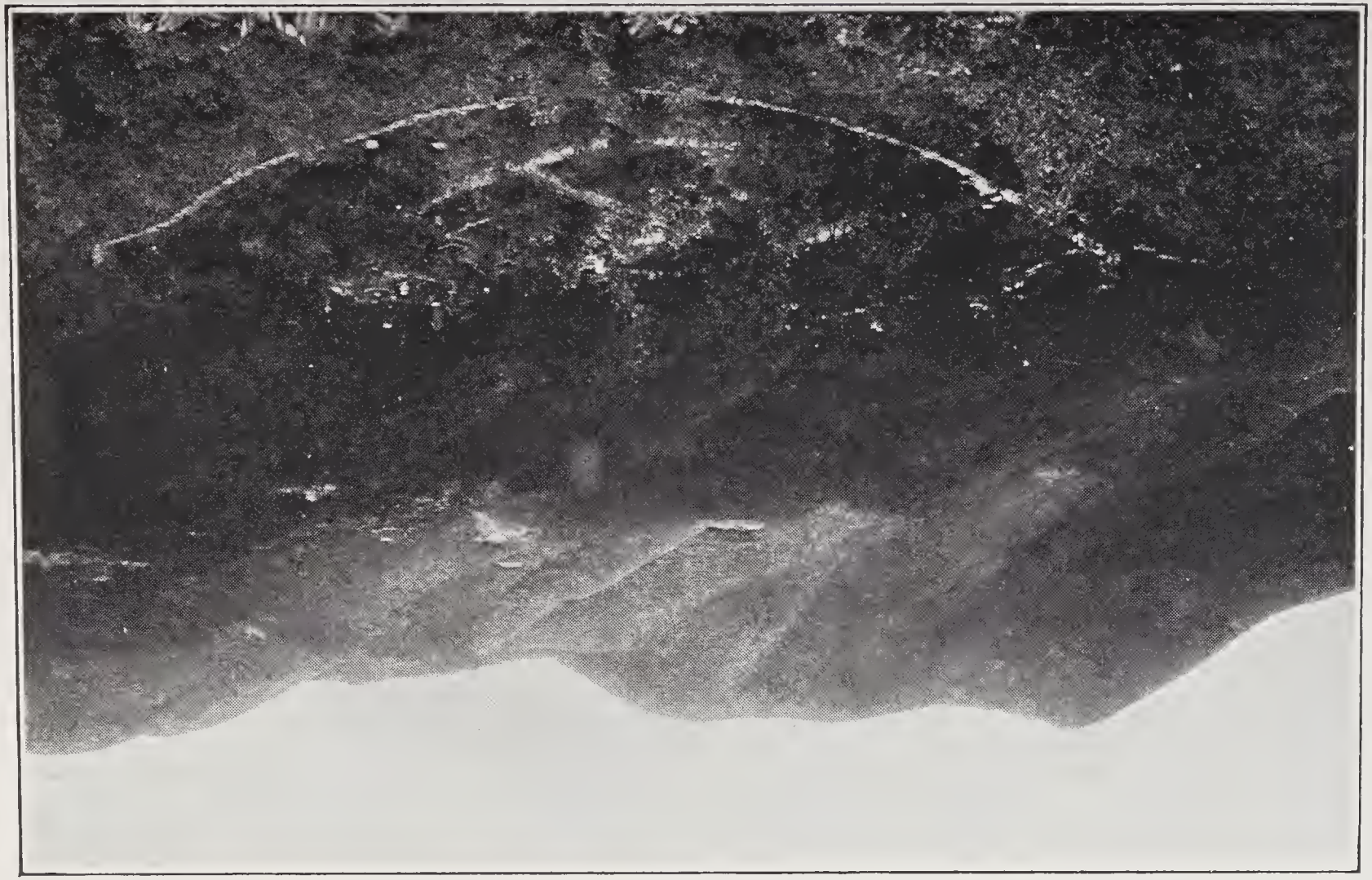
Just a week ago tonight we sat together in the church at Ki Kungshan listening to Doctor Dixon as he preached. At the close of the service she said to me: "We must be praying a great deal for the Conferences in Kuling. We don't want anything that will grieve the Spirit. Mr. Dixon and I will be praying a great deal." Tonight she is with her Lord in the Glory looking down upon the men and the women in these Conferences. Won't you be praying with her and with the interceding Lord that his will be done in each life here?

All the way from Pei Tei Ho to Kiukiang her heart went out to the poor, to the suffering, and

to the burden-bearers. She gave to the beggars along the road. She couldn't resist the appeals of the little girl who sells picture-cards at the entrance to the Summer Palace in Peking and gave what was the cost of a meal in addition to the price of the cards. The faithful rickshawman who helped her up and down steps at the Temple and at the Altar of Heaven was not forgotten though he was quite satisfied with the regular fee given him, and extra was added because of his courtesy. And the rickshawman who took her through the heat to the Lama and Confucian Temples was remembered, and she suggested that he be given tea to refresh him as he waited for the home trip. As the train drew up at stations and the city's quota of beggars followed along past the cars wailing, begging, motioning to lips and stomach as a sign of their hunger, like her Lord she "was moved with compassion for them." All along the way she left a trail of pennies, all that she could do for them, aside from the prayer in her heart and on her lips, that God would relieve their need and that some one would tell them of Christ. In speaking to me of her days in Shanghai and of the sights that she had seen there, two things came repeatedly to her mind, the help given to fallen women and girls at "The Door of Hope," and the "Mission to Rickshaw Coolies." This last place she

had not been to, but hoped to go on her return to Shanghai.

Mrs. Dixon had a very keen sense of the beautiful. She noted all about her, whether the line of Peking's curving temple roofs, a bit of carving about the gable, some old vase in the Museum, or a stretch of landscape before her. She noted and enjoyed all. Deeper than the love of the beautiful and deeper than the love of those whom God had given her lay the love for her Lord. One never knows another, never knows how rightly to estimate the worth of another till he has had the fellowship of prayer with Him. I shall never forget the last evening on the boat when we three had a little family prayer together in the cabin. There I understood more deeply how her life was a prayer life and how quickly the things on her heart were taken to Him. She prayed for the Convention, the Conference, then for the coolies and the burden-bearers, and then prayed a second time for a young girl whom she had met who seemed not to know God well. We rose from our knees, and as I went back to my cabin, she followed with a word of concern for dear Doctor Dixon, who had not been very well and who she knew was going into heavy work at Kuling. Her thought was always of others. The last conscious word I heard from her was in reply to Doctor Dixon's saying he was sorry she was not well,



—"I am glad it is I, not you." All the early part of her illness, while I was with her, there was not a word of complaint, not a moan, only of gratitude for the little that could be done to relieve her.

A few weeks ago I heard a story that I believe is true. We have all heard of Feng Yu Hsiang, General Feng, the Christian general. We know of his power with God, of his Christian testimony. He has been a Christian only a few years, but away back twenty-two years ago, during the Boxer times, his conversion began. He was only a hanger-on of the soldiers, and one day in Pao Ting Fu he saw a foreign missionary carried out from the school and told that she was to be beheaded. She plead for her pupils, gladly laying down her life if only they could be spared. He marvelled at her bravery. He wondered that she did not speak of herself. For years the incident stayed in his mind and heart. When later he became a Christian, as the Way was explained to him, he knew that away back there the Lord had laid his hand on him for salvation. I believe that there are those in this country who will have heard of dear Mrs. Dixon and of her life laid down out here, that a message of Him may be given, who will some day point back to this hour and to this summer as the time when the Lord called them, and they were wooed back to Him.

Address

By Rev. D. F. STAMPS

Of the Southern Baptist Convention

It has fallen to my lot to speak of the work which probably was dearest to Mrs. Dixon's heart except her devotion to her husband. I refer to her work in connection with the Woman's Missionary Union auxiliary to the Southern Baptist Convention.

We are thinking today of the great event that has come into the life of this community. This is a great day and will have great influence upon the mission work in this important land. Furthermore, it will be felt in all parts of the world. But the event of this day is not the only big thing which she had a part in making. In the early part of her husband's ministry she saw the need and place of woman's work in the life of the churches, and so set herself to the task of creating interest among the people and especially the women on this timely work of the women.

Doctor Dixon was pastor of the Immanuel

Baptist Church, Baltimore, at that time. Here the burden of the work which the women are called to do fell heavily upon her heart, and under the guiding of the Holy Spirit she laid her appeal before her husband and persuaded him to present the cause to the meeting of the Association. Doctor Dixon made the appeal and received an offering which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars, one hundred of which came from one member in his own church. In later years, after the organization of the Woman's Missionary Union, the fund of $150 was set aside as a trust fund, not to be drawn upon. So we can truly say that Mrs. Dixon was the mother of the Woman's Missionary Union, speaking in human terms.

You may be interested to know how this organization has grown since its beginning in Baltimore. I have the report of the woman's work for the past year which came into my hands a few days ago. It shows a marvelous growth. The various societies and young people's auxiliaries now number 20,878, and the contributions reported for the past thirty-four years from all sources of the woman's work total the sum of $14,777,209.20. The past year alone shows that over three million dollars were raised. The beginning of such a large work in the kingdom was no small effort.

Doctor Dixon was called to serve in other

fields, and his devoted wife was happy to follow the leading of the Lord in their places of service. After years of pastoral work in the North and the eight memorable years at the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London, Mrs. Dixon was greatly pleased at the opportunity afforded by their return to Baltimore, to do service for the women of the South. It was her deep purpose in the trip to China and the Far East with her husband to study the woman's work out here and the mission problems, so that she might go back home prepared to render helpful service to the organization which was conceived and born in her own heart years ago. This spirit to me is the mark of a noble servant of Christ. She was always young in spirit and service, and looking forward to the great fields that are white unto harvest. She was called up higher while in the midst of service here below. What a happy transition!

Please permit me to say a word further about Mrs. Dixon. As the former speakers have said, she was retiring in her work, and deeply devoted to her husband in his ministry. The Lord directed her life and gave her the faculty to see the great power of two lives truly united and set on the same tasks. Her cowork with Doctor Dixon made his efforts richer, and she found herself anew in this noble devotion.

At the time Doctor Dixon was preparing to leave London, he received many offers from lecture bureaus, and chautauquas, and from other sources which were very flattering from the viewpoint of money, but Mrs. Dixon did not feel that it was wise for her husband to yield to these mercenary lurings. So she made it easier for her husband to decide to remain in the pastoral service. Her life was deeply consecrated to her Lord.

The one great thing that seems to stand out clearly in the life of this beloved saint is felt and seen in her loyalty to the work of her worthy husband. At the very last day in Kuling her fatal illness did not prevent her husband from speaking a message for the Christ. Her prayer first was not to hinder, and afterwards she prayed to be a positive help in her visit to China. This noble prayer was answered in her going to be with Jesus in service, here in Kuling, August 6, 1922.

The whole life of Mrs. Dixon seemed to point to this day. Her simple and deep faith in Christ Jesus as Saviour and Lord is refreshing and a testimony to grip other hearts. Her last talk was made from Paul's letter to Titus, 3 : 4-8. In these verses she found the whole of the gospel message in simple form, and often used it as the foundation for her talks to missionary societies.

This Scripture becomes real life and testimony in the events of this day.

Doctor Dixon spoke this morning on the subject: "Why I Am a Christian, from the Anti-christian View-point, or the Reasonableness of Christianity." It was a masterful sermon! During the preaching of this sermon this noble woman passed to her reward with Christ. It seems to me that this is the greatest living testimony to the truth of the gospel that I have ever felt or seen. Here in Kuling with so many missionaries and Chinese Christians, in the center of China at a time when missionary methods and plans are taking new form, when a nation is being born—here, I say, we have witnessed the greatest living testimony to the Christ that I have ever seen. What is this testimony? It is simply this, that Christ is what the Bible claims Him to be, the Son of God who came to earth and died to save men from sin. It is by the grace of God that we are saved, and there is salvation in no other name.

The setting of this day's testimony to the truth of the Bible, the authority of Jesus, and the work of the Holy Spirit, is nothing less than the hand of God writing living words to us who are here, and to this whole nation. It is certainly not the planning of man, or the coincidence of events. Mrs. Dixon's towering faith in the Bible as God's

revelation to men, in Jesus Christ as the Father's only begotten Son, and in the Holy Spirit as the Leader and Comforter, together with her husband's convincing words as to belief and trust in Christ as Saviour and Lord, and the sealing fact of her death in the midst of the sermon, all work together as irrefutable and challenging witness to the salvation in Jesus Christ. What faith! What peace and reconciliation! It is found only in this spiritual conception of Jesus as Lord.

Address

By Dr. A. C. DIXON

As I lay awake in the early morning, my mind ran back into the past, and the impression came to me that it might be fitting for me to tell you something of her for whom you have been praying so sympathetically and earnestly.

Her maiden name was Mary Faison; of French Huguenot descent, an ancestry in which she took great delight. She was born on a Southern plantation in North Carolina amid quiet, rural, and cultured surroundings. Her father was a godly deacon in a Baptist church, and her mother a saintly woman, in perfect sympathy with her husband in the Master's work. Her tutor in girlhood was Dr. William Hooper, one of the most learned men in America, who lived in the Faison home and cultivated in the children a love for the best literature and placed before them high ideals in life.

Mary Faison graduated from the Woman's College in Wilson, North Carolina, of which Dr.

DeBerniere Hooper, son of Dr. William Hooper, was president, and then, after the Southern style, took a course in a Baltimore college, the object of which was to fit young ladies for entering society.

But the ideals of worldly society had no attraction for her, and, after returning home, she soon went to her pastor, when there was no special revival in progress, and told him that she wished to make public confession of Christ by being baptized and uniting with the church. Some of her worldly friends were surprised, if not shocked, by this, but they knew that she was sincere and respected her convictions. This event marked the beginning of a life of consecration, beautiful in its single purpose of whole-hearted devotion to Christ and his cause.

In her early womanhood Mary Faison became a semi-invalid through lifting a too heavy weight, and severe bodily pain was her daily portion. After trying all physicians within reach and getting no relief, she prayerfully decided to accept the limitations of her condition and devote herself, as best she could, to teaching, beginning with her two little brothers at home. From the day of that decision she began to improve in health, and in a short time was completely restored. With this restored health she began with great enthusiasm to prepare herself for her life-work as a

teacher; and the first time I ever met her was while she was on her way to a summer normal training-school at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the seat of the State University, where I was at the time pastor of the Village Baptist Church.

The day was hot, and a company of us were on a stage-coach rattling over a rather rough road. The question was raised among the passengers as to whether women ought to speak in public, suggested by the fact that a noted woman lecturer from New York was to be among the teachers of the normal training-school. Among the debaters of this question was a young woman, whose quiet, yet vivacious manner and intelligent reasons attracted my attention. She seemed to have a mind of her own with the courage of her convictions; and, when I looked into her face, there was a beauty with a charm of personality that fascinated me. As I cultivated her acquaintance during the weeks that followed, I found that she was more conversant than I with the best literature, and her ideals of life were deeply spiritual. She loved Christ, the Bible, and the church.

It did not take me long to decide that she was just the one I needed for a wife, and, after her return home, I went down to see her with a proposal of marriage, which was promptly rejected, because it seemed to interfere with her recent vow

PLATFORM OF KULING CHURCH AT MEMORIAL SERVICE

of consecration to the work of teaching. However, I was encouraged by her permission to visit her again some time, should I feel inclined to do so; and, after several visits, I was one day made very happy by her consent to become my wife. I believe she did so because she became convinced that she might serve the Lord Jesus Christ better as the wife of a preacher whom she had learned to love and trust, than as a teacher.

While on our bridal tour through the mountains of North Carolina she said to me in a spirit of happy banter, "I expect to see you in Spurgeon's pulpit some day." But when this pleasant remark proved to be a prophecy, and the call had come to the pastorate of the London Tabernacle, she shrank from the heavy weight of responsibility which it would impose upon both of us, and was very loath to leave our comfortable home in Chicago. But she said, "Husband, I promised God that I would never try to influence you as to your fields of labor, and I am ready to go with you anywhere in the world."

She believed that, as pastor's wife, she ought not to be at the head of any organization in the church, but belong to all and thus seek to help all. The great wisdom of this became very apparent. Her life motto was "ALWAYS HELP AND NEVER HINDER," and I can bear testimony to the fact that through these more than forty years in which

there were many testings she lived up to that motto without a single exception. She always helped and never hindered. If she ever had an enemy, I never heard of it. The poor and the rich, the old and the young, the servant and the mistress were all her friends. She was modest as the violet, and, when urged to make herself prominent, she would laughingly reply, "My only ambition is to be the unknown wife of a well-known husband," declaring that her ideal woman was described by Solomon in Proverbs 31 : 23, "Her husband is known in the gates." Pure in thought and life as the falling snow, vulgarity and coarseness could not live in her presence. Her faith in Christ and the Bible was so simple and stedfast that she could not understand, and you could not explain to her, how any one who claims to be a Christian could call in question any fundamental of the Christian faith. Her breath was prayer and praise. She was a lover of learning and spent many of her spare hours in the British Museum studying the relics of antiquity and listening to lectures on archæology. She was a little encyclopedia on flowers, specially the wildflowers of the woods and the wayside. Her favorite poem was "Milton's Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained"; a quaint little copy of which she carried with her on our honeymoon, which we read together and

agreed that the latter half was being fulfilled in our lives. Her favorite religious author was Andrew Murray, one of whose little volumes, "The Spirit of Christ," she was carrying through China. Years ago at Northfield she received great blessing from his preaching.

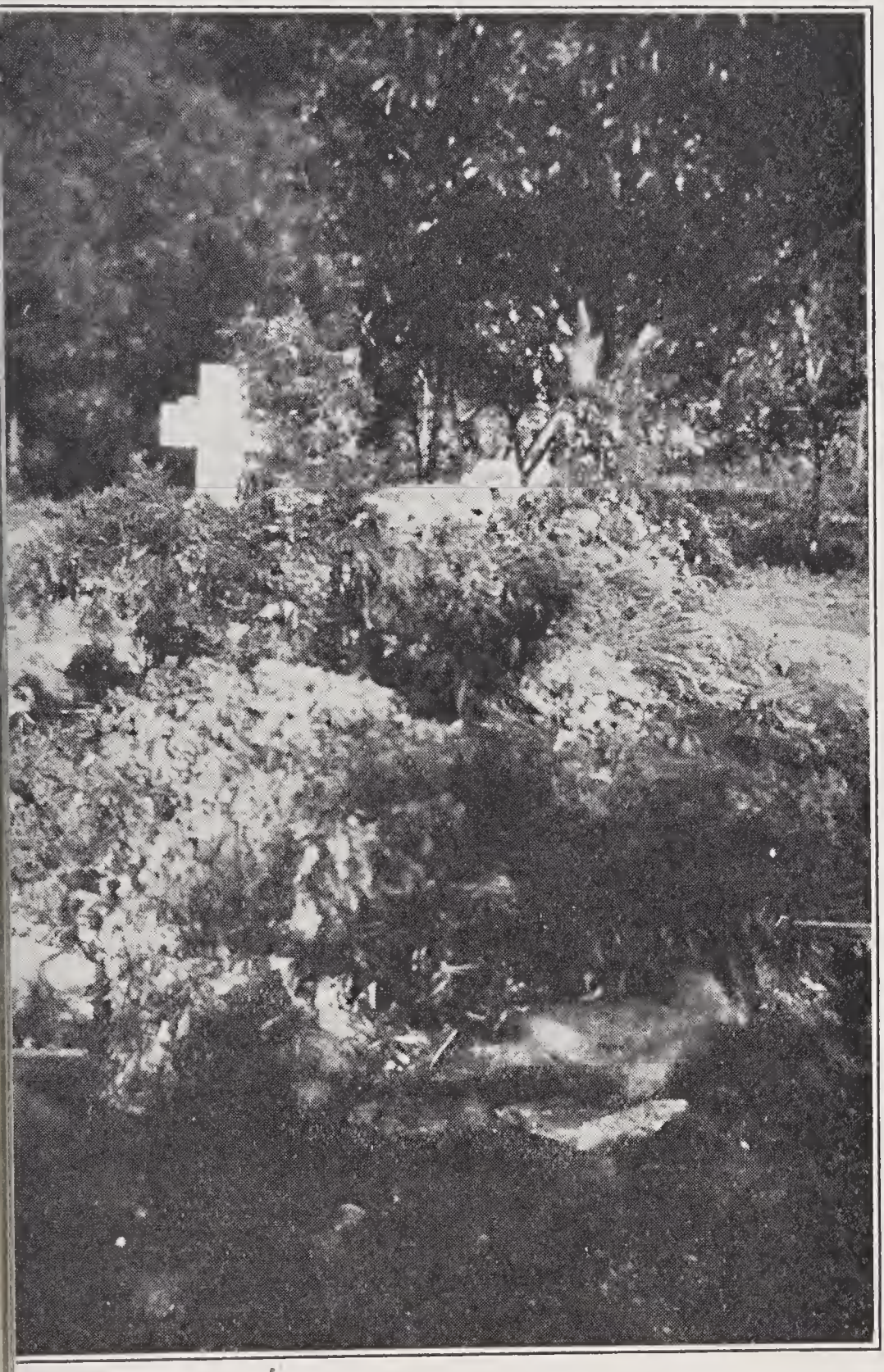
Her favorite book of sermons was "Our Best Moods," by Dr. David Gregg, a copy of which she had well-nigh worn out by much reading and lending. Her ideal American citizen was Theodore Roosevelt, because he was in the habit of doing things.

She was a lover of good people, in all our pastorates seeking the fellowship and comradeship only of those with high spiritual ideals. She reveled in the deep things of God and sought to entice all she influenced to a higher level of spiritual experience, though she never professed for herself any high experience. If she had a fault, it was self-depreciation, and her husband was such a part of her very being that any imperfection of his gave her no little pain, and her gentle, loving, tactful criticisms were of more value to him than all the instruction he received in college and theological seminary. The highest ambition of his life today is to love her Christ as she loved Him, believe her Bible as she believed it, and be filled by the Holy Spirit whom she trusted for guidance and power.

Tributes by Chinese Christians

At the last meeting of the Chinese Conference a man stood to pray. Many had spoken their thanks for the Conference, for the different messages that had been given, and many had spoken of the "meat" they had had through the ministry of Doctor Dixon. (Anything less than "meat" the Chinese refer to as "bones," lacking *life*.) This man thanked the Father for "the grace of God which is upon Doctor Dixon. He has taken his sorrow and has wrapped it up in Jesus. We have seen the sorrow, but when we have seen the sorrow we have had a sight of Jesus. It takes grace to reveal Jesus. He has taken his sorrow and has given it into the hands of Jesus, and when we have seen the sorrow we have seen the power of Jesus to keep. It takes grace to reveal the power of God. We have seen the face of Jesus and the power of Jesus through the grace of God upon this servant of His."

A very successful pastor stood to say: "A disciple should not have jealousy in his heart. I have jealousy. I think it is a good kind of



THE GRAVE

Covered With Wildflowers

jealousy. I am jealous of the power of message through Doctor Dixon, but I have a bigger jealousy in my heart. I am jealous of the peace that he has shown when God has left him without his wife in a strange land. If Doctor Dixon's messages are true and if the Bible is true, God will heal my troubles as he has his, and I will have peace because I have God."

Another man said: "When my wife died I revealed no miracle of God through my message or in my face. I found the Cross hard to preach. Now I know why. All suffering seemed cruel of God. Now I know it is the love of God."

One of the women who spoke used a very dear - to - the - Chinese - heart expression: "Mrs. Dixon has by her death and her burial in this country of ours 'chiming' among our people. She has written her name among our people as a citizen in the heavenly kingdom. She is one with the Chinese members of the Body of Christ. We know she loves us because we can see that he does. Who but one who loves would serve as he does?"

A missionary was overheard to say: "Why, it seems as though we all knew Mrs. Dixon. I can't believe we haven't seen her. She and Doctor Dixon belong to Kuling, as though they had always been here."

From one and another the word has come of

how marvelously God has honored the testimony that has been given and the message that has been lived before us here at Kuling, in individual lives. I have written these above, just to give you a bit of what the Chinese friends would have loved to say directly to you had it been possible.

Extracts from Letters of Condolence

It seems to us children very beautiful that Mother rests in China among the missionaries she loved and helped all her life. I know of no more appropriate spot for her last resting-place. It seems to me one that she would have chosen herself. And there will always be friends near by. We must return there some day. It will mean much to the grandchildren to think of Grandma being with the missionaries.

She was always such an understanding person and so easy to confide in. I loved her simplicity and genuineness. I have never known any one to embody these virtues more perfectly.

She was a Mother of the old school, and there is no better kind.

Hers was a magnificent life, unworldly in its spiritual beauty, and death to her could only bring peace with victory.

In her death no less than in her life, Mrs. Dixon has borne a lasting witness to the love of God as it is in Christ Jesus; and this testimony will bear fruit in the future life of the Christian Church in China as our Chinese friends and we come more fully to appreciate its true meaning.

No words that I can use can begin to express our appreciation of the worth and work of your sainted and now glorified wife. Wherever she was, her presence was a benediction.

> None knew her but to love her,
> None named her but to praise.

She was such a dear child of God, and both my wife and I have been greatly helped by her beautiful character and sympathy.

She was a particularly lovable as well as strong character.

She was so gracious, so wise, so unassumingly godly and good. And now she is with Christ, which is far better.

One of the most inspiring expressions for our work out here that I ever heard was spoken by your wife in a conversation at the Missionary Home in Shanghai.

Mrs. Dixon was a remarkable woman. I had a very deep and special kind of admiration for her. She was sincerity itself. Her goodness was so true, so honest, so direct that I always stood almost in awe of her, as of any one incapable of insincerity. Her probity would have been severe, if she had not been so kind and sweet. Then she had such extraordinary common sense. Her judgment was intuitively correct, her counsel always valuable. She could have sat for the portrait of Proverbs 31 : 10-31. She was the balance-wheel of the watch, the governor of the engine. Sensible and sensitive, sweet yet strong, spiritual yet practical, loving yet firm, retiring and thoughtful, cherishing her own, yet unselfishly giving them to the service of others. She was a rare, remarkable, loving woman. Her memory remains a choice heritage.

I am sure there never lived a finer character than she was, and the most outstanding feature in her character was that she was just to every one, whether she admired them or not. She was sorry for those who had gone wrong, and did not criticize them.

A Gift from God

Tribute by Mrs. W. R. NIMMO

Approaching a letter-box one morning many years ago in the city of Baltimore I came face to face with the wife of the new pastor of the then Immanuel Baptist Church, Rev. A. C. Dixon. The letters went into the box together, followed by a laughing recognition and a short conversation. This was the beginning of a friendship as true and tender as this earth ever knew—a friendship that proved to be one of the greatest blessings of my life. Circumstances often separated us, but the heart-tie held, and love for Mrs. Dixon became as natural as breathing.

In the early days of the Woman's Missionary Union in Maryland, which Mrs. Dixon was so largely instrumental in organizing, we wrought together. Her deep interest in missions and her love for missionaries were an inspiration in my life and in the lives of many others. Anything I have been able to do in carrying forward the

A SUNSET

From Kuling Mountain, China

Great Commission I owe, under God, to her influence.

In the many experiences which came into her life her Christian courage never failed. These experiences became as open doors through which she passed into the sorrows of other lives and comforted them "by the comfort wherewith 'she was' comforted of God." Once on speaking to her of prayer she said, "My every breath is a prayer." At another time when we were speaking of the weariness of sleepless hours she said, "When I cannot sleep I use the time praying for my family, friends, and the missionaries." From such intimacy with Christ came Mrs. Dixon's gift of consolation in the sorrows of others. Mrs. Dixon went home from among the missionaries she loved so well, and it might be said of China that

She made the grass greener even here . . . with her grave.

In the lives of those who knew Mrs. Dixon well she has left the memory of a stedfast Christian faith, of great personal charm, and of a cultured mind. Added to these qualities was the saving grace of a keen sense of humor and one of the merriest laughs I ever heard. Her life was good and strong and true and has fitted her for the full enjoyment of "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Lord, grant me if thou wilt
    To slip away
    As slips the night
Into the dawning day,
    So soft
That e'en the watchers, watching
    Cannot say
Here ends the night
And here begins the day;
    But only know
The night's thy night,
The day thy day.

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